"More fool he! The man who re-enlists in this territory must be either drunk or Dutch." And Pike relapsed into gloomy silence again, his eyes fixed upon the faint flicker of the bar lights at Ceralvo's miles away, but Wing only laughed again, and still puffing away at his pipe went on down the winding trail to where in the deep shelter of the rocky walls a pool of water lay gleaming. Here he threw himself flat, and lying aside his precious pipe drank long and eagerly; then with a sudden plunge he doused his hot face in the cooling flood and came up dripping.

"Thank the Lord I have no desert march to make today—all on a wild goose chase," was his pious ejaculation. "What on earth could have induced the paymaster to send a detachment over to the Gila?" He took from his pocket a penciled note and slowly twisted it in his fingers. It was too dark to read, but in its soldierly brevity he almost knew it by heart.

"The major sent Donovan with half the escort back to the Gila on an Apache scare this morning. They will probably return your way, empty handed. Signal if they have passed. Latham knows your code and we have a good glass. Send man to Ceralvo's with orders for them to join at once if they haven't come, and flag or torch when they pass you. It's my belief they've gone there."

This was signed by Feeny and over and again had Wing been speculating as to what it all meant. When the escort with the ambulance and paymaster went through before the dawn, Feeny had roused him to ask if anything had been heard of Indians on the warpath between them and the Sonora line, and the answer was both prompt and positive, "No." As for their being north or north of west of his station, and up toward the Gila, Wing scouted the suggestion. He wished, however, that Jackson were back with such tidings as he had picked up at Ceralvo's. It was always best to be prepared, even though this was some distance away from the customary raiding ground of the tribe.

Just then there came a hail from aloft. Pikey was shouting.

"All right," answered Wing cheerily; "be there in a minute," and then he went springing up the trail as though the climb of 400 feet were a mere bagatelle.

"What's up? Jackson here?" he asked, short of breath, as he reached the little nook in which their brush covered tents were pitched. There was no reply.

"Pike! O Pike! Where are you?" he called.

And presently, faint and far, somewhere down in the dark canyon to the south, a voice replied:

"Down hyar. Something's coming up the road."

Surely enough. Probably a quarter mile away a dim light as of a swinging lantern could be seen following the winding of the rough and rock ribbed road. Then came the click of ironshod hoofs, the crack of the long mule whip, and a resonant imprecation in Spanish leveled at the invisible draft animals. Bounding lightly down the southward path, Sergeant Wing soon reached the roadside, and there found Pike in converse with a brace of horsemen.

"It's old Harvey's outfit, from Yuma, making for Moreno's," vouchsafed the soldier.

"Oh, is that you, Sergeant Wing? I ought to have known you were here. I'm Ned Harvey." And the taller horseman held out a hand, which Wing grasped and shook with cordial fervor.

"Which way, Mr. Harvey, and who are with you?"

"Home to Tucson. My sisters are in Concord behind us, going to visit the old folks for a few weeks before their trip to Cuba."

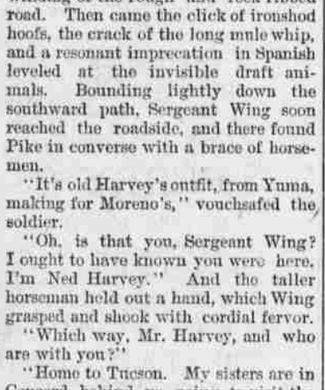
"You don't tell me!" exclaimed Wing. "They're the first ladies to pass through here since I came on duty at the station two months ago. You stay at Moreno's, I suppose?"

"Yes; the governor meets us there with relays and four or five men. We knew there would be no danger west of the Santa Maria."

"W-e-l-l, did you stop at Ceralvo's or see any of their people?"

"No, I never put in there. Father's very suspicious of that gang. Why do you ask, though?"

Wing hesitated. "There was some story afloat about Apaches," he finally said. "The paymaster's escort threw



The taller horseman held out his hand, which Wing shook with cordial fervor.

off a detachment toward the Gila this morning, and I sent one of my two men back to Ceralvo's to inquire. You must have met him."

"No, we made a circuit—came by the old trail around the head of the slough. We haven't passed anybody, have we, Tony?" he asked of the silent horseman by his side.

"None, senor; but there were many hoof trails leading to Ceralvo's," was the answer, in the Spanish tongue.

"Then you'll need water here, Mr. Harvey. It's a 10 mile pull across to Moreno's," said Wing, as the four mule team came laboring up to the spot and willingly halted, the lantern at the forward axle slowly settling into inertia from its pendulumlike swing.

"Where are we, Ned?" hailed a blithe young voice. Sweet and silvery as sounded to the trooper's unaccustomed ears. "Surely not at Moreno's yet?"

"Not yet, paquita mia. Is Ruth awake? Tell her to poke that curly pate of hers out of the door. I want you to know Mr. Wing, Sergeant Wing, who has charge of the signal station here."

Almost instantly a slender hand, holding a little brass hurricane lantern, appeared at the opening, followed by a sweet, smiling face, while just behind it peered another, only a trifle older and more serious, yet every whit as pretty. Wing raised his old felt hat and mentally cursed the luck that had sent him down there in his ragged shirt sleeves. Pike, the cynic, busied himself in getting the buckets from underneath the stout spring wagon, and bumped his head savagely against the trunk laden boot as he emerged.

"I never dreamed of seeing ladies tonight," laughed the sergeant. "It's the rarest sight in all the world here, but I remember you well when you came to Yuma last year. That was when you were going to school at San Francisco, I believe."

"That was when I was in short dresses and a long face, sergeant," merrily answered the younger girl. "I hated the idea of going there to school. Fan, here, was willing enough, but I had never know anything but Arizona and Mexico. All I could think of was that I was leaving home."

"She was soon reconciled, Mr. Wing," said Miss Harvey; "there were some very pleasant people on the steamer."

"Oh, very pleasant for you, Fan, but what did they care for a chit of 14? You had lovely times, of course."

"So did you, Ruth, from the very day Mr. Drummond helped you to catch your dolphin."

"Ah! we were more than half way to San Francisco then," protested Miss Ruth promptly, "and nobody had taken any notice of me whatever up to that minute."

"Well, Mr. Drummond made up for lost time from that on," laughed the elder sister. "I never told of her, Ned—wasn't I good?—but Ruth lost her young heart to a cavalry cadet not a year out of the Point."

"Is it our Lieutenant Drummond who was with you?" queried Wing.

"Oh, yes; why, to be sure, he is of your regiment. He was going back to testify before some court at the presidio, and—wasn't madame mean?—she wouldn't allow him to call on Ruth at the school, even when I promised to play chaperon and insure strict propriety and no flirting."

Ruth Harvey had, with quick movement, uplifted a little hand to silence her sister, but the hand dropped, startled, and the color rushed to her face at Wing's next words:

"Then you're almost sure to meet the lieutenant tonight or tomorrow. He's been scouting the Santa Maria and the Christobal and is due along here at this very moment."

And now Miss Harvey had the field to herself, for the younger sister drew back into the dark depths of the covered wagon and spoke no more. In 10 minutes the team was rattling down the eastward slope, and Sergeant Wing turned with a sigh as at last even the sound of hoof and wheel had died away. Slowly he climbed the steep and crooked trail to their aerie at the peak. No sign of Jackson yet, no message from the ranch, no signal fires at Moreno's or beyond.

Yet was he right in telling Harvey with such precious freight to push on across that open plain when there was even rumors of Apaches in the air? The loveliness of those two dark, radiant faces, the pretty white teeth flashing in the lantern light, the soft, silvery, girlish voices, the kindly, cordial handclasp vouchsafed him by the elder as they rolled away—these were things to stir the heart of any man long exiled in this desert land. It had been his custom to spend an hour in chat with his comrades before turning in for the night, but with Jackson still away and Pike still plunged in gloom—with, moreover, new and stirring emotions to investigate and analyze—Wing strolled off by himself, passed around the rocky buttress at the point and came to the broad ledge overlooking the eastward way to the distant range.

Here a mass of tinder, dry baked by weeks' exposure to the burning sunshine, stood in a pyramid of firewood ready to burst in flame at first touch of the torch. Close at hand were the stacks of reserve fuel. "Never light this until you know the Indians are raiding west of the Christobal," were his orders. But well he knew that once ignited it could be seen for many a league. Here again he filled his faithful pipe, and moving a safe distance away lighted its charge and tossed the match stump among the jagged rocks below. He saw the spark go sailing downward, unwafted from its course by faintest breath of air. Then he heard Pike's growl or something like it and called to him to ask if he heard Jackson. No answer. Sure that he had heard the gruff though inarticulate voice of his comrade, he hailed again more loudly than before, and still there came no reply. Surprised, he stepped quickly back around the rocky point to where the tents lay under the sheltering cliff and came face to face with three dark, shadowy forms, whose moccasined footsteps gave no sound, whose masked and blackened faces defied recognition, whose cocked revolvers were thrust into his very face before a lariat settled over his shoulders, snapped into place; and yelling for help when help was miles beyond range of his ringing voice Sergeant Wing was jerked violently to earth, dragged into a tent, strapped to a cot, deftly gagged and then left to himself. An instant later the Picacho was lighted up with a lurid, unearthly glare; the huge column of sparks went whirling and hissing up on high, and far and near the great beacon was warning all seers that the fierce Apache was out in force and raiding the Yuma road.

Away out across the desert its red glare chased the Concord wagon wherein, all unconscious of the danger signal, the sisters were now chatting in a low tone.

"Drive your best," had Harvey muttered to his Mexican jehu, as he leaned out of the saddle to reach his ear. "Not a word to alarm the girls," he cautioned his companion, "but be ready for anything."

Far out beyond the swaying, bounding vehicle; far out across the blistered plain, the glare and gleam fell full upon the brown adobe walls at Moreno's, and glittering eyes and swarthy faces peered through the westward aperture, while out in the corral the night lights were dancing to and fro, and Feeny, sore perplexed, but obedient to orders, was hurrying the preparations of his men.

Murphy's wild announcement had carried conviction to the major's soul, despite all Feeny's pleadings, and the sight of that beacon furiously burning, the thought of those helpless women being borne off into the horrors of captivity among the Indians, had conspired to rouse the paymaster to unlooked for assertion of himself and his authority. In vain had Feeny begged him to think of his money, to remember that outlaws would resort to any trick to rob him of his guard and might have even overpowered Wing and his party and then lighted the beacon. The chain of evidence, the straight story told by his morning visitor, the awful news contained in the penciled note brought in by Mullan, were considerations too potent to be slighted.

In vain did Feeny point out to him that if Apaches were really in the neighborhood Wing would not be content with starting the fire, but would surely signal whither to go in search of them, and that no vestige of signal torch had appeared. C'd Plummer vowed he could never again know a moment of peace if he neglected to do anything or everything in his power to save the girls. Most reluctantly he agreed that Feeny should remain in charge of the safe and the two drugged and helpless men. Murphy and all the others were ordered out forthwith to march rapidly northeastward until they struck the trail of the pursuit and then to follow that. In 15 minutes, with four pack mules ambling behind, away they went into the darkness, and all that was left to man the ranch and defend the government treasury against all comers was the phlegmatic but determined paymaster, his physically wrecked but devoted clerk, Sergeant Feeny, raging at heart, but full of fight, and a half breed packer named Pedro. The two senseless and drunken troopers were of course of no use to anybody.

Even as the detachment mounted, Latham with it, old Moreno appeared at the doorway shrouded in his serape. Approaching Murphy by the side farthest from Plummer and the sergeant, he slipped a fat canteen from under his cloak and thrust it into the corporal's ready hand. "Hush-h—no words," he whispered. "All is well. I keep my promise." And so saying he had slunk away, but Feeny was on the off side quick as a shot, quicker than the corporal could stow the bulky vessel in his saddle bags. Wresting it from the nerveless hand of his junior, Feeny hurled it with all his force after the Mexican's retreating form. It struck Moreno square in the back of the neck and sent him pitching heavily forward.

Only by catching at a horse post did he save himself from a fall, but, as he straightened up, his face was one not to be looked at without a shudder; grinding teeth, snapping, flashing eyes, vengeful contortions of brow and jaw, hate, fury and revenge, all were quivering with the muscles under that swarthy skin, and the gleaming knife was clasped in his upraised hand as, driving into the ranch and out of sight of the hated "gringos," he burst into the room where sat his wife and daughter, and raging aloud, through that he leaped like a panther to another door, fastened on the farther side, where one instant he stood before admission could be gained, and through a panel in which there warily peered a bearded face, swarthy as his own. And then Senora Moreno hurriedly banged the shutter and took up her guitar. Something had to be done to hush the uproar of blasphemy and imprecation mingling with the shout of exultation that instantly followed her lord's admission to the den.

Nine o'clock came. Murphy and his party were gone. The beacon still blazed at the westward pass. The twang of the guitar had ceased. Silence reigned about the ranch. Old Plummer with anxious face plodded slowly up and down the open space in front of the deserted bar. Feeny, with three loaded carbines close at hand and his belt bristling with revolvers, was dividing his attention between the safe and the still sleeping troopers. Every once in a while he would station the major at the safe, which had been hauled into the easternmost of the rooms that opened to the front instead of on the corral, and, revolver in hand, would patrol the premises, never failing to stop at a certain window behind which he believed Moreno to be lurking to warn that impulsive greaser not to show his head outside his room if he didn't want it blown off his shoulders; never failing on his return to stir up both recumbent forms with angry foot, and then to shower in equal portions cold water and hot imprecations upon them.

To Feeny he had intrusted the duty of caring for the horses of his prostrate comrades. Every faculty he possessed was on the alert, watching for the faintest sign of treachery or hostility from within, listening with dread but stern determination for the first sound of hoof beats from without. It must have been about 10 o'clock when, leaving Mr. Dawes, the clerk, seated in the dark interior beside the safe, Feeny stepped forth to make another round, stopped to look at Mullan and his partner, now beginning to twitch uneasily and moan and toss in their drunken sleep, and then turned to seek the paymaster.

Whatever lights Moreno had been accustomed to burn by way of lure or encouragement to belated travelers, all was gloom tonight. The bar was silence and darkness. The bare east room adjoining the corral was tenanted now only by the clerk and the precious iron box of "greenbacks." No glimmer of lamp showed there. The westward apartments, opening only one into another and thence into the corral, were still as the night and even when a shutter was slowly pushed from within, as though the occupants craved more air, no gleam of light came through.

"Don't show your ugly mug out here, Moreno," cautioned Feeny for the fourth or fifth time, "and warn any d——d cutthroat with you to keep in hiding. The man who attempts to come out gets a bullet through him."

There had been shrill protestation in Mexican Spanish and Senora Moreno's strident tones when first he conveyed his orders to the master of the ranch, but Moreno himself had made no audible reply, and, as was conjectured, had enjoined silence on his wife, for after that outbreak she spoke no more.

"I've got this approach covered anyhow," muttered the veteran. "Now if I only had men to watch those doors into the corral, I could pen Moreno and whatever he has here at his back. It's that gang of hell hounds we passed at Ceralvo's that will pay us a call before morning, or I'm a duffer."

Once again he found the paymaster wearily, anxiously patrolling his self-assumed post out beyond the westward wall. The presence of common danger, the staff official's forgetfulness of self and his funds in his determination to aid the wretched women whom he firmly believed to have been run off by the Apaches, had won from the sergeant the tribute of more respectful demeanor, even though he held the story of the raid to be an out and out lie.

"Any signs or sounds yet, sir?" he questioned in muffled tone.

"Why, I thought—just a moment ago—I heard something like the crack of a whip far out there on the plain."

"That's mighty strange, sir; no stage is due coming east until tomorrow night, and no stage would dare pull out on this stretch in face of the warning there at Picacho."

"Well, it may have been imagination. My nerves are all unused to this sort of thing. How do you work this affair when you want to reload, sergeant? I'm blessed if I understand it. I never carried a revolver before in my life."

Feeny took the glistening, nickel plated Smith & Wesson, clicked the hammer to the safety notch, tested the cylinder springs, and touching the lever showed his superior by the feel rather than sight how the perfect mechanism was made to turn on its hinge and thrust the emptied shells from their chamber.

"The Lord grant we may have no call to shoot tonight, sir, but I misdoubt the whole situation. That fire's beginning to wear itself out already, and any minute I look to hear the hoof beats of the Morales gang, surrounding us here on every side. If they'll only hold off till toward morning and I can brace up these two poor devils they've poisoned, we can stand 'em off awhile until our fellows begin to come back or Lieutenant Drummond hears of the gathering."

"And do you still believe there are no Apaches in this business?" asked the major.

"Not out north or west, sir; they're thick enough ahead in the Santa Maria, but not to the north, not to the west—I can't believe that. Those Morales fellows know everything that is going on. They knew that just about this time Ned Harvey was expected along escorting his sisters home. They knew you had never seen him and could easily be made to believe the story. Everything has been done to hold us back, first at Ceralvo's and afterward here, until they could gather all their gang in force sufficient to attack, then—Hist! listen! There's hoofs now. No, not out there, the other way, from the Tucson road, east. God grant it's some of our fellows coming back! Keep watch here, major; I'll run out and challenge."

Hastily picking up a carbine as he passed the door, Feeny ran nimbly out across the sandy barren, disappearing in the darkness to the southeast. Old Plummer's heart beat like a hammer as he listened for the hail. A moment more he could hear hoof beats and the voices of men in low tones; then, low toned, too, but sharp and stern, Feeny's challenge rose upon the night:

"Who comes there?"

Instantly the invisible party halted, surprised, but with the promptness born of frontier experience back came the answer:

"Friends."

"Who are you and where from?"

"George Harvey and party from Tucson, looking for Moreno's. Who are you?"

"United States cavalry on escort duty. How many in your party?"

"Only two here. We were delayed by Apache signs in the Santa Maria. The rest are some miles behind with relay mules. Are we near the ranch? What's that light out to the west?"

"Never mind that now. Dismount and come up alone, Mr. Harvey. I must recognize you first."

[CONTINUED.]

THE TEARLESS LIFE.

In the low moon's pensive splendor,
Not in day's flame,
Very soft and very tender
Breathe her dear name.
While the night wind's hymn is blending
With the near wave,
And the amaranths are bending
Above her grave.

For her thoughts and deeds were holy,
Friend, sister, wife.
Perfect did the lofty, lowly,
Behold her life.
Hers was charity the golden;
Hers sleepless love.
Oh, with all true ladies olden,
She glows above.

Yet from us she's not departed;
Yet in this sphere
Seems her true soul, so true hearted,
To dry grief's tear.
Saviour, whom she loved so fearless,
In all world strife,
May we with her know the tearless,
Starr'd heavenly life!

—New York Ledger.

MRS. 'GUSTE.

A couple of years ago my husband and I chanced to be spending a winter in Vicksburg. The house we rented was near a nice old fashioned market, where I went as much for an occasional chat with the proprietor as for the very good things she sold me. She was a stout, brisk old French woman, a widow, Mme. Auguste Dieulouard by name, rather German in appearance, but very French in her manners as she talked from behind her bars or bustled about her shop, directing and sometimes scolding her underlings. She was delighted, the first day I went to market, to have me speak French to her, and soon we were quite intimate. Before the winter was over and I had returned to New York she had told me, bit by bit, a great deal of the story of her life. Translated from her queer half German patois and pieced together, it ran somewhat as follows:

"I was born in 1830, in Lure, near Alsace, in the old Franche Comte. After my mother died I lived with my grandmother. When my grandmother died, I could not go back to my father, for he had married again, had a large family and was very poor. Some of our neighbors were coming to America, and I came with them. We took a sailing vessel to New Orleans, and the voyage lasted 44 days. Two years after reaching New Orleans I married a young Frenchman who had a nice little sum of money. Then my troubles began, for he would not have a settled home, as I wished, but wanted to travel all the time. I kept him in New Orleans most of the time for two years, but then he got too restless, and we began to gad about the country. We went up the river to Memphis and St. Louis, then we traveled through Kentucky and Tennessee. Later we went to California. When the war broke out, we were back in Kentucky. My husband enlisted in the southern army, leaving me in Columbus with very little money. I lived there until my money was nearly gone and then took a boat to Vicksburg. I reached Vicksburg just before travel was stopped. The siege lasted 48 days. I helped nurse in the hospitals, and one day, when I was sent out for drugs, was struck by a Yankee shell and wounded in the forehead. At the end of the siege Yankee doctors and nurses took charge of the hospitals, and I had no work and no money. Some of my neighbors were without money and food and came in to see me and said: 'Madame, what shall we do? We are starving.' I said, 'Go home and I will think what to do.' Then I was offered rations. 'Rations for what?' I asked. 'I am no Yankee soldier. Why should I take rations of you?' Then I said to the neighbors: 'We will make beer. Get me two barrels of water, some yeast, hops, molasses and corn. When the Yankee's whisky is gone, he will be glad to drink my beer and will have to pay for it.' Sometimes he did not pay, but mostly he did, and we lived a year by making beer.

"There was military law in Vicksburg. General D. was in command for a long time. There was a very strong feeling against him. I think he was the meanest man that ever lived. I knew everybody hated him. One day I said, 'I am going to General D. to get a permit to open a store.' Every one said, 'He is too mean to give you one.' I said, 'I will try.' I went to him and said very politely, 'General D., I want a permit to open a store.' He asked me, 'Why should I give you a permit?' I said, 'Because I must make some money to live.' He said, 'Are you Irish?' 'No.' 'Are you Dutch?' 'No.' 'Are you German?' 'No.' 'Are you French?' 'Yes.' Then go to Napoleon for a permit.'

"After awhile General D. left Vicksburg, and General S. was in command. One morning I went to see him. He was lying on a couch. I asked him for a permit. He said: 'My good woman, you shall have one if you will get me pen and paper from the next room. I have been at a ball all night and could not get up for the president.' General S. was not so bad for a Yankee. But General Grant was the nicest Yankee I ever saw. His headquarters were on the river, but we often saw him in Vicksburg, and he used to walk about and talk to the people. He was very kind, and every one liked him. One day he came into my store with a friend. He said: 'What kind of stuff is that in your window? I am hungry, and it looks very good.' 'Washington pie,' I answered. 'Why do you call it that?' said he. 'That pie is named after the great Washington whose memory all good Americans adore,' I replied. 'That is good,' said he; 'how much is a slice of Washington pie?' I said, 'Some slices are 10 cents, but some I cut are 5 cents.' He said to the officer: 'I am so hungry I believe I could eat a 10 cent slice, could not you? Madame, please cut me two 10 cent slices, and I will trouble you to wrap them up for me.' So I did, and he would not let the dandy young officer carry my Washington pie, but when he had paid me took the bundle himself out into the street. Then the neighbors came in and said, 'What did General Grant have in his paper?' I replied, 'Washington pie—a 10 cent slice for himself and one for that young officer.'

"The war was over, and I had never heard from my husband and thought he must be dead. I was doing well in my store. I bought all my things in great quantities and sold them well. I had many friends and was much respected. I remember very well that one day a nigger came into my store and said, 'Have you got any cheap cigars?' I gave him one and said, 'This is 5 cents.' He bit it and then threw it into my face, crying, 'Have you nothing better for me than that?' 'Yes, I have something better for you,' I said, and I hit him over the mouth and nose with a poker, and he rushed howling and bleeding into the street. In half an hour a corporal and two soldiers came in and arrested me. I laughed and said: 'You must allow me time to put on my bonnet and lock up my store. Then I will go with you with pleasure.' When we got to the provost, he said, 'Why, Mrs. 'Guste, I am surprised to see you. What possible complaint can there be against you?' When he had heard my story as well as the nigger's, he told me to go back to my store and said very severely to the nigger: 'Is this the use you make of your liberty? Go home and behave like a white man if you can.'

"Four years more went by, and I was sure my husband was dead. I was well off, had a large market where I employed six men and was fast growing rich. I had many offers to change my name, but I always gave the same answer to all, 'Thank you, sir, for the compliment, but I prefer to support only myself and do not care for the luxury of a husband.'

"One day a Mr. Paxton, whose wife I knew, came in and said, 'Come up to our house.' 'I have no time,' I said. 'What is the matter? Is your wife sick?' He said, 'No, she is not sick, but there is a man there who wants to see you.' I said, 'Well, then, let him come and see me.' Mr. Paxton begged so hard and I got so curious that I put on my bonnet—my old bonnet, for I would not dress up for any man who would not take the trouble to come and see me—and went home with him to his house. I grew cold and felt faint, for there, talking to Mrs. Paxton, was Auguste—my husband—looking just the same as when he left me eight years before. My heart beat like a hammer, but I just said: 'Well, so you are alive and have turned up at last, have you? Where have you been for eight years? Have you had a good time and been traveling all over the world?' 'Oh, Josephine,' he said and began to cry.

"Poor fellow, he had been wounded and taken prisoner and very ill. When the war was over and he was well again, he began to hunt for me. Not finding me in Columbus, he went to every place where he had ever been before, which meant a good many journeys for a man who had always traveled all the time. No doubt he enjoyed himself very much. He had been in Vicksburg the year before. Now he was on his way down the river from St. Louis to New Orleans. The boat was delayed for a few hours at Vicksburg, and Auguste was taking a walk when he met Mr. Paxton and began talking to him. He asked if there were many French people in Vicksburg. 'A good many,' said Mr. Paxton. Then Auguste asked about the women, and when he heard there was a Mrs. 'Guste who had a market, and whose name was such a hard one that everybody called her Mrs. 'Guste for short, he said he wanted to see her, and asked how to go to her store. When he started, he said his knees felt very queer, and he wondered if he could walk there, and if it was really his Mrs. 'Guste, and if I would be glad to see him.

"He reached, as he thought, the store to which Mr. Paxton had directed him, and there he found a man—a dreadful looking man, he said—weighing sugar. 'Is this your store?' asked Auguste. 'Yes, sir,' answered the man. 'What can I do for you?' Auguste did not say another word to the man, but rushed out into the street, crying: 'Mon Dieu! Josephine is married to another. I will travel and never return.' Then he hurried back to the boat and met Mr. Paxton, who said, 'Did you know Mrs. 'Guste?' Auguste answered, 'How can she be Mrs. 'Guste when she is married to another who is not 'Guste?' Auguste had gone into a wrong store—one not a quarter the size of mine. But he was too exhausted to go again to find me and said Mr. Paxton must bring me to his house.

"'Well, 'Guste,' said I, 'you may stay in my house, and if you are not going to try to make me travel I am really very glad to see you, but if you are going to travel you may travel alone as you have for eight years. While you remain in Vicksburg I will support you and will send you your coffee to your bed in the morning. I get up at 4 and will not have my business meddled with. And I will never travel.'"—New York Post.

His Test of a Gentleman.

"That man is a real gentleman if he does look seedy," said a street car conductor as he pointed out a man in the car.

"How do you decide that?" I asked. "Have you found some new test of character?"

"Well, I don't know as it's anything new, but I've been railroading a good many years, and I haven't watched all sorts of passengers for nothing. I learned long ago that about every woman who gets a letter likes to let everybody know it by reading it in a street car, and that's what led me to find out one thing that marks a man a gentleman.

"You see that woman sitting right beside the man I pointed out? Well, she read a letter that lasted 10 blocks, and that man never even looked at it out of the corners of his eyes, let alone trying outright to read it. That's how I know he's got good breeding.

"The next time you see a woman reading a letter in a street car you watch any man who happens to be sitting near her and see if he doesn't try to get a look at the letter himself. Nine times out of ten he will, and sometimes he'll make himself such a nuisance that I'd like to interfere if I dared. If he doesn't, you may be dead certain he's a first class gentleman. I'll bet on that test."

"But how about the women? Does your test apply to them too?"

"Well, no-o, I hardly think it does, for I've never seen the woman on my car yet that wouldn't give a sly glance at a letter another was reading if she could."—New York Herald.

Caught the Spirit of the Part.

"Do you actors ever become so imbued with the spirit of the part that you imagine yourselves to be the character you are impersonating?" asked the curious man.

"You bet we do," answered Mr. Barnes Tormer, the eminent all around Thespian. "I was playing the part of an old farmer once, and I became so thoroughly carried away with it that I went to my room in the hotel after the performance and blew out the gas."—Indianapolis Journal.

Georgia claims that the general government owes her $200,000 yet on the sale of Alabama and Mississippi in 1802.

The sapphire which adorns the summit of the English crown is the same that Edward the Confessor wore in his ring.